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ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. XII.—No. 603.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

[ONE PENNY.]



THE FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON.

"In common with other swagger packs, the Mildew Court Hounds turned out last week for their opening meet. All the regular followers were present, including most of the nobility and gentry of Battersea. Poor Papa, who, as you know, is Master, received a most cordial reception, and the pack drew successfully at the very first covert—a jealously preserved spinney near the Dogs' Home. I am sorry to say, though, that Poor Papa, who was riding the Skunk, came early to grief over 'wire,' during what will probably prove to be the very finest run of the season."—TOOTSIE.

FULFILLING HIS DOCTOR'S INSTRUCTIONS.



"I say, old man—er—excuse my asking, but—er—is your friend mad? He's just rushed into this china shop as if he was fairly off his onion!"



"Oh, no! He's sane enough. But he's been queer lately, and his doctor has just given him permission to drink one glass of whisky a day, and—ah, exactly! He's evidently spotted a glass that takes his fancy!"

SOME STRANGE CASES.

TOWARDS the close of the last century, a very curious collection of criminal cases was made by the Rev. Nathaniel Wanley, Vicar of Trinity Parish, Coventry; a few of which we propose to re-tell.

In 1551, in Paris, "a woman had her brains beat out by a man with a hammer, near St. Opportune's church," as she was going to midnight mass, and all her rings and jewels taken from her. The hammer being left by the corpse, was recognised as being the property of a poor smith living close to the spot. He, being arrested on suspicion, "was put to such torture as utterly deprived him of the use of his limbs; so that reduced to extreme poverty, he ended his life in great misery."

For twenty years the real murderer remained undiscovered, but then, "one John Flaming, sergeant of the subsidies at Paris," being at a village near Montmorency, chanced, at supper, at an inn there, to say he had left his wife at home sick, and with no one to take care of her but a little boy. There were two men present who heard this and immediately took their departure, and at ten in the morning arrived at Flaming's house, one carrying a green goose, and the other a basket of cherries, supposed to be presents from the husband. They were admitted by the boy, whom they murdered, but the woman hearing his cries, locked and barricaded her bedroom door, and screamed at the window for help. The neighbours forced an entrance and "took these two villains

one in the funnel of the chimney, and the other in a well in the cellar, with nothing but his nose above water." One of them confessed to the widow of the unfortunate Smith, that he had stolen the hammer with which the young woman's murder had been perpetrated.

Here is another case, but not dated:—"A merchant of Roan, in Normandy, was in the way, murdered by a Frenchman's servant and thrown among the vines." A blind man, led by a dog, passing by the spot at the time and hearing groans, asked what was the matter, and was told by the murderer that it was a sick man he was attending to. The murderer having secured a large amount of booty, took a shop at the town mentioned in the quaint spelling of those days; but the blind man persisting that he should know the voice, many persons in prison, "together with the murderer," were brought before him and ordered to say the words he had heard on the fatal night, "but amongst them all he knew his voice, whereupon the villain, possessed with abundance of horror, confessed the fact, and was deservedly executed."

In 1450, according to Luther, "a locksmith, young and given to luxury, killed both his parents out of a desire to enjoy their estates. Having committed this horrible murder, he went, presently, to a cobbler, and there bought him a pair of shoes, leaving behind his old and torn ones, which the cobbler's boy threw under the seat which he sat on. Some hours afterwards the door of the house where the dead bodies were, was opened, and they were discovered, which the son so sorrowfully lamented that no one had the least suspicion of him to be the author of so great a villainy. But it falls out by accident that the cobbler had observed some spots of blood on the shoes left with him, and it was noted that the son had more money about him than he used to have." He was accordingly put into prison, and "soon received the punishment worthy of his crime."

One more—"In 1656, a woman in Westphalia, went to the village to confess herself. In her confession she said to the priest, she had newly found a purse full of money, and therefore desired that he would speak of it publicly, that it might be restored to the right owner. The priest told her that it was sent to her from Heaven, and that she should reserve it to herself and enjoy it. The woman, thus instructed, kept the purse to herself." In her return, through a grove, she was taken ill. "In the meantime, a noble person who had lost the purse, rode up to her and demanded it, if she had found one. She beseeches him for that the love of God he would ride to the next village for some nurse, and that she would restore him the purse he sought after."

The nobleman rode as fast as he could to find some nurse. "In which time of his absence came the wicked priest, cuts off the woman's head and seizes upon the purse." The nobleman coming back with the nurse, "they were witnesses of this tragic spectacle. It was the time that the snow lay thick on the ground, and finding some footsteps, he pursued them till he overtook the priest, whom he seized and found his purse upon him. He tied him, therefore, to the tail of his horse, and so dragged him to the Magistrate to be punished."

"His sentence was to be thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil, which was accordingly executed on January 20th, 1665."

(Next week, "Some more Queer Ones.")

BAK GARDNIN.

Thares sumthink diabolik or wurse about them seeds. Billium av consult a expurt with a fea off 2D onn account who sai prays itt's jack the giant his tork.

(Next week, "More Strange Cases.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Certainly he ought to, ELLA: It was only '84. Very sorry, INTERESTED, But we cannot tell you more. Just a few at starting, SUSIE. Not at present, J. H. BALL. Yes, we've heard the story often; Don't you think it's rather tall? Regular subscribers, FAKIR; Much obliged for chatty note. You would probably regret it, MASSAGE, if you ever wrote. Very glad to have it, BENE. Many thanks for relie. POTT. None on hand just now, MISS ELKED, Though he often has a lot.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Father. I'm pretty well convinced that Clara's managed to hook that young Featherly.

Mother. Indeed! Why?

Father. Well, I've noticed lately how generous he is in giving Bobby sixpences, and chocolates, and all that. It's almost a sure sign, my dear.

I HAVE totalled the £ s. and d.

That Bilstingo has borrowed from me,

And thirty-pound-thirteen-and-three

Is the sum of each several loan.

Not a farthing he ever will pay:

So you'll guess to what rage I'm a prey

When the pals of Bilstingo all say,

"He is every man's friend but his own!"

Miss Oldun. Yes, that was one of the very first presents papa gave me as a little girl.

He. Ah! really, though. Dye know I'm awfully fond of these old family Bibles—er—I mean—er—that is—er—wonderful weather for the time of year, isn't it?



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 603.—The "Duchesse" Costume.



AFTER THE QUARREL.

Edie. Yes, I forgive you, dear; but I do wish you would get rid of that dreadful temper of yours.

Jack. Well, darling, I'm always contriving to lose it, somehow.



"Poor shipwrecked sailor, sir; only just escaped with my life." "It would have been wonderful if you had escaped without it."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I've been running all over the town looking for that dog of mine!"



Isaac. Vot are you doin' now, Moses?

Moses. Everybody, my dear Isaac!

He. I wish I was dead!

She. Then why don't you let me send for a doctor?

SCENE—Railway Carriage.

First Man (putting down paper). Dear! dear! this is really becoming serious! What's your opinion of the Turkey question?

Second Man. Well, can't say I've read much about it; but I should think it ought to pay better than poultry farming.

Grace. Oh, my dear, such fun! I do believe young Masherly's proposed to Stella. I went into the drawing-room just now, and caught him with his arm around her waist.

Mabel. That's it, Gracie, you may depend upon it. He said when he called he wanted to see her on pressing business.

Jones. I can't understand why Brown is so mean and stingy, while his wife is just the reverse. She's down at Brighton, giving balls and parties, and is as generous as a woman can be, while the old man sticks up in town, and seems to grudge every sixpence he spends.

Smith. Cause and effect, dear boy.

A TRIAL that acutely preys

Upon the workman's mind, and breaks

His heart in these dull winter days,

Is, when at 6 A.M. he wakes

And thinks it's Sunday morning (when

He once a week remains imprisoned

In Sleep's warm arms till half-past ten);

And then—remembers that it isn't!

Young Wife. Do you mean to tell me that a man can stay out late every night and then come home tipsy and fall about and break things and use bad language, and yet be a Christian?

More Experienced Wife. Well, dear, it's just possible that the man might; but I'm quite sure that his wife couldn't be one.

Opposition Political Agent. Come, now, what has your member done since you returned him to Parliament?

Chairman of the Committee. Why, he has become a director of five public companies, bought a fine house and two diamond rings. That ain't bad, is it, for a short time?

"Yes," said the Eminent, "I really couldn't help giving way to my indignation. I am not easily put out, as you know." "We do, indeed, Ally," interrupted Mac; "it usually takes the ordinary chucker and at least a couple of slops to do the job when you've had a brace or so over the usual, doesn't it?" And once again there arose a coolness which only glasses round could dispel.

The Wife (after the tenth song). Would you like to hear me sing "Never Again," dear?

The Brute. Well, I won't altogether go as far as that, my dear; but I really should take it as a favour if you'd leave off screaming for to-night.

Executor. Pray, sir, what do you charge for a funeral sermon?

Rev. Mr. Canter. I always charge, my dear brother, in proportion to the property left behind: couple of guineas for a poor man, five guineas for £10,000, and so on.

Executor. Well, my friend has left £50,000, so that would be £25; but it seems a good deal.

Rev. Mr. Canter. But, my dear brother, think of the strain on my conscience.

Constable X. Y. Z. 100. How is it, my dear, that some of you ladies seem to prefer the military to the police?

Cook. I dunno, I'm sure, unless it is that the military have arms which you haven't, don't you know?

Constable X. Y. Z. 100. Haven't I? What do you call those? [Left embracing.]

We opened our eyes in sheer surprise

At a statement so bewild'ring,

For he told us plain that to wife he'd ta'en

A widow with nineteen children.

But soon our dread and amazement fled,

When we made inquiries cursory,

And learnt that the widow he'd wooed and wed

Had been keeping a Babies' Nursery!

The New Man (coolly). And would you do anything for me, dear—anything that I asked?

The New Girl. My darling, you know I would. Tell me what—what can I do to prove my love?

The New Man. Would you give up those pipes and cigars?

The New Girl. Hang it, dear! that's too bad! Ask me anything but that.

Darling No. 1. (reading paper). Have you read about this awful conflagration, dear? Why, it's nearly as bad as the great fire of London, isn't it?

Darling No. 2. Don't know, I'm sure. I can't remember quite so far back as that. That's where you have the advantage, dear.

Dying Plumber (to son). You'll find I ain't bin able to leave you much money, Bill; it's all got to go to yer mother and sisters; but I've bequeathed you that there job at Mugly's we've bin at such a time. Don't hurry over it, Bill, and it'll always keep you out of want, anyway.

Chatty Passenger. Ah! just so. Er—have you—er—ever travelled in Greece at any time?

Commercial. Well, no—can't say I've myself; but I've got a friend in the soap and candle line. Bloggs his name is; prap you know him.

Heavy Masher. Haw—er—I s'pose you're the—er—editaw. I've—er—er—brought you—er—er—lettaw of intwoduction from—er—er—my fathaw, Lord Knowswho. I—er—er—want to—er—work on the—er—er—papaw, doncherknow—eh, what?

Editor. You're really very kind, and I'm awfully sorry that I cannot avail myself of your services; but just at present I am supplied with an office boy. Good morning! Mind the step!

RELIEVING want, assuaging woe

(All in the dusky county full

Of colliers), went she to and fro—

The dear old Lady Bountiful.

But soon she said, "It's strange to me,

While amongst these men I walk about,

That ne'er the slightest sign I see

Of the miner poets they talk about!"

Emancipated Woman (lecturing). The question, therefore, that suggests itself is—Under what conditions ought women be allowed to sit in the House of Commons?

Voice from the Back Seats. Muzzled!

Barber (confidently). Razor all right, sir?

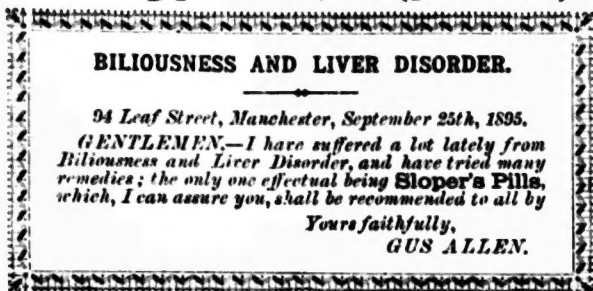
Victim. Oh, thanks so much! Then it is a razor after all. Dye know I couldn't make up my mind whether it was a scalping-knife or a fret-saw.

First Sweet Little Thing. At any rate, dear, I can really pride myself on my complexion. Everybody congratulates me on it.

Second Sweet Little Thing. Yes, darling, it really is exquisite. Er—is it very expensive?

[And the usual festivities commenced.]

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DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—G. A. REDFORD, Esq.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



"What, you want a play to go before the baroque?" said A. SLOPER to the manager of the "Frivolity." "I'll write you one, Fitzmoutromery, dear boy. How long can you give me?" "To-day week the parts must be given out." "Right! you shall have it by then. Price?" "Five pounds." "Good. Let's have half-a-thick 'un on account." So A. SLOPER went home and set to work. "Farces and Comedies," argued A. SLOPER, "are nearly played out. We will give the present generation something fresh. I have it! The Good Old Cracked shall be revived; they, the P.G.s, know it not." *The Devil's Oof; or, the Midnight Mangle*, was the title of the drama in which a Mr. Barlow, a most sane and exemplary man by day, has the misfortune to be seized with madness from midnight to cock-crow. Under the affliction his face and figure become so distorted that even his own mother would not know him as the mild and good Mr. Barlow. (1 and 2) Good subjects for poster. The maniac commits all sorts of awful crimes, but with a madman's cunning evades capture. The fearful and mysterious thing is known in the village as "the Devil," whose custom it is to climb like a cat into houses of the wealthy, murder the head of the house, and steal his gold, thus amassing enormous riches—the Devil's Oof—which he secretes under the bed. The sane Mr. Barlow is, of course, poor in the extreme, and consequently is the embodiment of honesty itself.—(3) Mr. Barlow has a niece,

Maria, a charming girl, loved by George Mayfield, a worthy young farmer. He is accused of one of the murders and robberies committed by the maniac. Maria and Mr. Barlow are in great trouble in consequence, though Mr. B. sadly fears George is guilty.—(4) Then there is a poacher, Black Bill, who, while George is awaiting his trial, collars the cock, whose crow in the morn awakes Mr. B. to sanity. Result—That gentleman is found insane at breakfast time. "My gold! Ha, ha! my gold!" Mr. B. is recognised as the Devil. He dies clutching the oof under the bed. George is released and weds Maria—Curtain.—On the seventh day morning, A. SLOPER presented himself at the Lord Chamberlain's office.—(5) "I say, old fellow," said he to Mr. Redford, the late Mr. Piggott's able successor, "read this at once—the parts are given out to-night." "But, my dear SLOPER—" "Just to oblige me—I'll look in in an hour." When A. SLOPER returned the play was handed to him; he rushed off to the "Frivolity," not staying to glance at it. "There, dear old boy!" cried he triumphantly, thrusting it into the manager's hands. A contemporary observed, when Mr. Redford succeeded to the appointment as examiner of plays, that he had only to use the blue pencil with discretion and courage to gain the cordial approval of the public. A. SLOPER says that kind of thing can be carried too far.—The play was scored in blue from title to tag.



No. 417.—MISS DAISY GORDON.

"Now—now I feel the power of love's sweet madness."
—The Duck Snoot.
"Held in submissive bondage by her charms."
—Lord Bob.
"Where all compete, 'twere madness e'en to hope."
—The Hon. Billy.

RIISING TO THE OCCASION.



Mr. Upshot. I have just called to ask you to become a member of the—
Shorttop. Eh? What? I can't hear you! Wait a minute!

Shorttop. Well, what is it you want?



"My husband bores me horribly, dear. I'd give anything for a divorce; but he's so painfully good, I don't see any chance of it. Whatever can I do?"—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

A BIT ONE-SIDED.



"Look 'ere, matey, you an me will 'ave to part." "All right, so long as you do your share of the partin', Bill; I've 'ad that job up till now."

THE GORBEL TADPOLES.—(Continued.)



There had been words of a regrettable nature between the Elder and the Laird as the latter was marching off with his familiars to join the "Glasgow Gorbel Tadpole Militia." And the dear Elder remarked to McParritch, "Let them dry in the wind, Tammy, a bit, it'll do them good. But be thankful, laddie, that *Me* and *you* are quiet, decent chiefta, without vice or wickedness."

THE TRIUMPH OF TRILBY.

BLESS YE MY CHILDREN!



Saluting the Chief.



At the Stanley Concert.



The Modern Mason.



Welcome to Windsor.



Seeing the sights.



Pug's Prevention.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

My noble patrons, how shall I greet you? In what terms shall I express the sense of honour I feel at the regularity of your attendance? Words fail me, my friends, my emotion overpowers me, and I can but indicate the items of interest I have this week prepared for you.—The new Commander this, you know, He should have been so years ago.—It was a most successful night, They tell me; cyclists, am I right?—To court this office trade has ceased. The modern mayor's an earl at least:—

Triumphant Trilby, at your call, The world doth at your tootsies fall:—Back from Balmoral comes the Queen To Windsor as you've doubtless seen:—An unpropitious time the King Has chosen for his little fling:—No doubt it will come off one day, But when, it's difficult to say.—There, ladies and gentlemen, I think that's your usual allowance, isn't it? Weigh in at the same time next week, and I'll have another treat ready for you. Ta, ta!

THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

TOOTSIE DAY BY DAY.

No. 5.—SHE GOES TO "BYE-BYE."



"Oh! good gracious, what's that?" screamed Aunt Delphina one evening, as she was sitting before the fire, "all by her lones." It was the poker of the house next door, which had been used a little too vigorously.



"Dear, oh dear! I wish I hadn't put Dick's letter into Bob's envelope. Bob does come in useful when it comes to paying, after all."



WAS IT A COMPLIMENT?

The Hon. Blarney Fitz Muffins. Haw—have you seen anything worth shooting wound leah? Farmer Wangletop. Noa, sir, but there's no tellin' what might happen now yew be coom.



Aunt Seoria. Good gracious, Dorothy, you're never going to wear that dress—and in a cold concert room, too, you'll catch your death. Dorothy. Oh, that's all right, auntie: when I wear this dress all the men blush so, that the temperature of the room goes up ten degrees immediately!



Over-Charged Fare. What! call yourself a cabby? Why you ought to be behind a funeral hearse.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

HANG the cymbals, whack the drum, sound the horn and gay tum-tum—or is it tom-tom. The above outburst is not intended for poetry, for which everybody will no doubt be truly thankful, but as a preliminary sort of war-hoop to the announcement that "ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS" will positively make its appearance on December 2nd. For particulars of that stupendous and altogether unique publication, we refer you to the announcement on page 367; but we take this opportunity of assuring you that such a two-penn'orth was never seen before. We shall probably refer to this subject again, but meanwhile gloat over what we've told you, and don't forget on any account that December 2nd is to be the day.



THE Fabric is a bit mixed as to what the title is Mr. H. Newson-Smith has just had conferred upon him. He's a Lieutenant of the City of London, or something of the sort, and can go about all day long in a cocked hat and feathers if he likes. Lieutenant Newson-Smith sounds *rekerkay*, and is quite as attractive as Lieutenant Dan Godfrey or Lieutenant Cole. The report that A. SLOPER is to be made a full-blown Corporal is simply bally nonsense.

A. SLOPER welcomes the new paper, *Hunter's Weekly*, and wishes it all the success it deserves. It is a rattling fine penn'orth, and contains both good pictures and excellent reading. The Old Man's weather-eye was pleased to see that Leopold Godfrey-Turner is on the new show with his "Call Boy"—the "Call Boy" that for so many years, and up to quite recently, was so popular in *Judy*. The verses to Dorothea Baird are awfully sweet and pretty, and make a real good beginning to the new series of "The Call Boy's Girls."

The Lord Mayor—not the one at the Mansion House, but the recent production at the Strand—can hardly be called a success. Indeed, by the time this reaches the public eye it is not improbable that Harry Paul-ton will have divested himself of the robes pertaining to the great civic functionary, for they sit but badly upon the clever comedian. Both plot and writing are quite unworthy the authors of *Niobe*, and the Paul-ton Company (Limited) will have to provide much smarter fare if they hope to gain the patronage of the public.

THE report that A. SLOPER will shortly offer to a suffering world his latest invention, the "Trilby," *Corn Plasters*, is just a bit premature. For the present the Eminent is merely experimenting with them on his own hoofs. But, as may be imagined, that in itself is a big undertaking.

WE are pleased to hear that the *Trades, Manufactures, and Industrial Exhibition*, held at Middlesbrough, has been such a huge success. Much credit is due to Mr. H. Engel, the manager, to whom A. SLOPER respectfully raises his hat and curtsies.

THE Mildew and O'er-Moss-Grown Edifice, together with the site of the Rumfozler's Club, have been sampling "Ally Sloper's Unconnected," as churned by Messrs. Turnor & Co., of Icknield Port Road, Birmingham. After mature consideration and a good many lubrications, a verdict has been returned by the Commissioners finding Messrs. Turnor & Co. guilty of producing a damned fine mouth rinse of the very best quality. Sentence is postponed.

THE Pavilion has always been one of A. SLOPER's favourite "halls," that is ever since the genial and talented Edward Swanborough commenced to preside over its destinies, and that's a goodish time ago now, isn't it, Teddy? The Eminent always gets a warm welcome when he's sober, and an equally hot 'un when he isn't—from the chucker. There is a splendid show on just now at the Pav.—all the stars. Go and have a look at it.

WE haven't half come to the end of our *Larks!* testimonials yet. "A Liberator Victim," whose troubles appear to have affected his mind, writes: "I consider your wonderful ha'penny comic is splittingly funny. It would make a building society bust."

The Stock-Keeper loan collection of animal pictures proved an awfully interesting feature of the recent Kennel Club Show. Almost everybody had a look at them, and there was no one who regretted it.

TREMENDOUS quantities of foreign geese, says a paper, are being daily imported into England. Really, to read the newspapers, one would think we had quite enough of the home variety almost already.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

THE noble pastime of football is now in full swing, and the list of injuries, mortal and otherwise, is already assuming very respectable proportions. Up to the present no assault on the referee has terminated fatally; but, of course, it's too early in the season to despair. The hired ruffians who mainly compose our principal teams, will no doubt fully maintain that reputation for barbarous brutality which is so essential a feature of the game, and the "sporting" instincts of the spectators will, of course, lead them into a free fight or two before long, in which event they will be able to exhibit their knowledge of kicking to the very fullest advantage.

THE Tottering Structure has this day been pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon GEORGE BURGESS because he is a *Royally good fellow*. "Feyther," chirruped the Azure-Orbed, "I ain't got nothink to say agin the election of the noo F.O.S., who's known to all his pals as one of the very best; but I do 'ope, oh, mon parent, that you uses the word royally in its proper haccception, and ain't tryin' to work off any awful sort o' pun on 'really'—Hif I thought—" But the Aged wasn't going to be preached at any longer, so, promptly administering the necessary correction with the business end of his "Trilby-cases," he made his way Holbornwards to have a tiddle or two with George at the Royal.

MR. SIMS REEVES is proving a big draw at the Empire. The gifted tenor's voice has lost little of its sweetness and charm, though it is scarcely strong enough now for the tax imposed upon it in so large a building. But the old people who remember the singer in his prime renew their recollection, and cheer delightedly, and the young folks join in out of respect. The Sims Reeves nights are limited to three a week.

NOW is the season of the Charity Bazaar, when the giddy gushing feminine portion of church congregations get up Fancy Fairs for the ostensible purpose of providing the poor of the parish with their Winter coats or blankets, and the real one of exhibiting their fair persons in bewitching attire and mashing the curate. The Charity Bazaar is one of the most interesting examples of legalized blackmail yet extant. What wretched man who has not been tempted to one, and returned home with an empty purse, a bad temper, a half-guinea pincushion (cash value 9d.), an embroidered watch satchet, or a pair of worked slippers four sizes too small?

RADICAL Army changes are expected from the new Commander-in-Chief, to whose influence, indeed, we owe, with one exception, every beneficial alteration and addition for which the Duke of Cambridge took credit, but which were absolutely forced upon him by Lord Wolseley, strongly against his (H. R. H.'s) will. The British Army is admittedly a long way behind the continental ones, and the sooner the new chief gets to business the better, for there'll be a big row soon without a shadow of doubt.

THE Duke and Duchess of Westminster gave a breakfast at Grosvenor House last week in honour of King Khama, of the Bamangwato Tribe; Sebele, of the Bakwena Tribe; and Bothoen, of the Banwaketse Tribe. The festivity was organised in protest against Liquor Traffic among the native races. Under these circumstances, the Eminent, upon principle, has decided to forego his original intention of asking the dusky chiefs to a shrimp tea at Mildew Court.

SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.



"Are you glad to be at home again, Tommy?" "Yes, dad; 'cos I'll be able to get enough to eat now."

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 23RD, 1895.

17th November, 1850.—This day the famous Wombwell, died in his wild beast caravan; aged 70.

18th November, 1824.—On this and several successive days, an almost unprecedented hurricane did great damage on the coast of England.

19th November, 1633.—"The King or Christmas Lord of Merton College, was elected this day. Jasper Heywood, the immortal son of the epigrammatist King Hal's jester, was the last dignitary."

20th November, 1695.—Voltaire was born this day:—

"The Frenchman first in literary fame,
(Mention him if you please—*Voltaire*—the same),
With spirit genius, eloquence supplied,
Liv'd long, wrote much, laugh'd heartily and died."

Butler says:—

"An infidel in health; but what when sick?
Oh, then a test would touch him to the quick."

This, however, has been denied.

21st November, 1775.—John Hill, the quack doctor, died this day:—

"Poor Doctor Hill is dead! Good luck!"
"Of what disorder?" "An attack
Of gout." "Indeed, I thought that he
Had found a wondrous remedy."
"Why, so he had, and when he tried,
He found it true—the doctor died."

22nd November, 1774.—Lord Clive, the great East India Governor, died suddenly this day.

23rd November, 1499.—Perkin Warbeck was hanged this day, at Tyburn. He impersonated the Duke of York, who was murdered in the Tower in the preceding reign.

TRIVIAL TOUCHES.

NO. 3.—TOUCHING THE FALSE ALARM.

WITH the noble boys of the Fire Brigade
I have held communion much,
And with all the virtues by them displayed
My soul is in kindly touch.
They are rough and bluff, they are grim and gruff,
They are men of true English breed,
They are formed of the gritty and gamesome stuff,
That will die in the hour of need.
Yet I fear it would end in a fainting bout,
If a gentle and high-born "marm"
Could hearken the curses those boys let out,
When they come from a False Alarm!

The stalwart boys of the Fire Brigade
Do work that is simply splendid;
Their accoutrements daily are spotless made,
And their animals kindly tended.
And, further than that, when their work is done,
They sleep with one eye awake,
And unlimited risks are prepared to run
For the fire-pressed creature's sake.
So I pray that a curse may fall—don't you?—
On the wanton fools who harm
Those hard-working fellows—so brave, so true,—
By the hoax of a False Alarm!

The brilliant boys of the Fire Brigade
At the knell of the fire-bell fly,
And, by nothing hindered, by nothing stayed,
On their errand of mercy hie.
With imminent danger to life and limb,
The impetuous race they ride;
And well may their curses be loud and grim,
When they find the report has lied.
And I would that the Law some device could make
To capture—and them to charm
With the "cat's" strong magic—the fiends who take
A delight in the False Alarm!

A WELCOME TO WINTER.

WELCOME, good old Winter!
Foggy, damp, and miserable as you seem this year, there's still no getting away from you, and so, once again, welcome!
Little Mrs. Jobling, at No. 10 in the Terrace has just seen a van with three tons of the best Wallsend pull up outside Mrs. Tuppins' door, but the Christianising spirit of Winter is upon her, and she doesn't envy Mrs. Tuppins a single nobbly bit. No; she smiles blandly and remembers that she has a new purple velvet dolman which suits her admirably, whilst Mrs. Tuppins has a sandy mole on the side of her nose, which makes the wearing of purple velvet an impossibility for her. Furthermore, little Mrs. Jobling reflects that her eyes are a delightful brown, and match one another, which one could hardly say in regard to Mrs. Tuppins' peepers. This leads little Mrs. Jobling to take just one look at herself in the glass over the breakfast-room mantelpiece, and she is more contented than ever. Oh yes, indeed she is, and in fact, she continues contented for several days or, perhaps, until the kitchen boiler explodes. This, truly, may be considered a regrettable incident, but Mrs. Jobling promptly puts an advertisement in the paper for another servant, gives thirty shillings towards the funeral expenses of her predecessor, and husband and wife are quite settled down again by the time the news of the Tuppins's sitting-room ceiling falling in reaches them.

It is the Christianising spirit of Winter which prompts them then to send a kind little message in to the Tuppins's, hoping that their best tea-set was not on the sitting-room table when the ceiling fell—(and all the time they know that it was!)—to which Mr. Tuppins replies evasively that he was so sorry to see the name of Jobling in the Bankruptcy List, and hopes it's no member of "your family gang!"

Ah, Winter, you may have your discomforts, such as chilblains, cold feet and frozen drinking-fountains, but you have your compensations, and so we say to you again—Welcome!

IN NO HURRY.

It is a pretty well-known fact that a poor wretch condemned to expiate his offences by giving the Chaplain and the Governor of Newgate, half-a-dozen warders and Mr. Billington an early morning *matinee* at the end of a rope, is permitted to order whatever he likes for his last meal on earth. A recent unfortunate was rather callous about "going" when his time came; and when the gaoler put the question of breakfast to him, he replied:
"Oh, thank yer. I think I'd prefer a stewed ducklin' and some green peas, topped off by a little 'sparrergrass on toast."

The gaoler smiled in a grim, official sort of way, and said, with a shrug of the shoulders:

"Afraid we shall have to disappoint yer. Yer see ducklin's, an' peas, an' 'sparrergrass ain't in season yet."

"Well, I'm in no 'urry," said the doomed one, with a little laugh, that sounded strangely in that cell. "Give my compliments to the Governor, an' tell him I can wait till they are!"

But, somehow or other, it was the same old chestnut—"The unfortunate man, who made but a poor breakfast of coffee, bread and butter, and a boiled egg,"—that appeared in the ensuing afternoon's *Star*.

BELLES OF THE BUFFET.
No. 59.—THE BRIDGE HOUSE GIRL.



SHE to and fro doth sweetly pass
With fairy feet so fealty;
She pours the rosy in our glass
With nimble hand so neatly.
And, oh, that I could only ask
Some world-wide famous artist
To sketch her as she plies
her task—
Of Buffet Belles the smartest!
Beneath her smile, the fretful heart
No further grief can cherish;
And by her voice the anguish-smart
Is doomed to pause and perish.

And, oh, that I could only ask
Some bard, of strains divinest,
Her charms in anthems to unmask—
Of Buffet Belles the finest!
That height of rapture craved by me,
I fear, is past my reaching;
Yet ever, to the powers that be,
I make my mad beseeching:
"Would Heaven that I could only ask
Some priest, in surplice whitest,
To bid me in her sun-smiles bask—
Of Buffet Belles the brightest!"

A COSTLY KISS.

Of course, he never ought to have been fool enough to do it, but then it is quite useless to expect rigid morality from a man in liquor, and as to the girl, well, she was sweet enough to tempt a County Councillor.

The fact of the matter is, Mr. John Oglebury had been dining. When we make this statement we do not mean that he had been merely partaking of the loin of mutton and mashed turnips, which, as a matter of detail, formed the *piece de resistance* at his own abode that day. No! John Oglebury had done a good stroke of business; he had met a pal or two, they had had a whisky or two, and subsequently a very snug little spread at Romano's, at which a bottle or two formed a pleasing and not unimportant item in the menu. Then Mr. John Oglebury, and Mr. John Oglebury's pals had adjourned to the Tivoli, where they had had more whiskies, and it was at the conclusion of all this that we find him making his way home by a late train, not drunk, oh, dear, no, but just a trifle lively.

Mr. John Oglebury would probably have slept most of the way home, and very probably gone past his station, but just as the train was starting, don't you know, there stepped into the compartment the very stunningest creature J. O. had ever set eyes on. And she didn't seem a bit shy either. None of your beastly, haughty stand-offishness about her. And she smiled on John Oglebury, she did, with such sweetness that that somewhat befuddled individual pitched every grain of prudence left him to the winds, threw his arms about her waist and—kissed her.

In an instant the lady had given vent to a loud scream; in another a dirty-looking fellow had climbed over the partition from the adjoining compartment, and demanded of Mr. John Oglebury what the something he meant by insulting a lady.

"And what the d—!—is that to do with you, scoundrel?" thundered Mr. O., "why, confound it! I see it all now, it's a plant, and you're both of you in collusion; no more of it, now, or I'll give you in charge for attempted blackmail."

"I don't think you will, sir," said the greasy individual, with a smirk, "you see, I'm a photographer, and I happen to have taken a snap-shot of the kissing incident, of which your wife is hardly likely to approve."

John Oglebury said a bad word under his breath. Then he turned to the dirty one and asked, "How much for the negative?"

"Ten quid," was the reply.

"And if I refuse?"

"I shall send a proof to Mrs. Oglebury; you see I know your name, sir."

Mr. John Oglebury pulled out two fivers and handed them over with a curse, receiving the negative in exchange, which he promptly hurled out of window with a sigh of relief.

"Thought we was goin' to have some trouble with him," remarked the dirty one to his companion subsequently; "lucky thing he ain't a hamateur photographer."

"Why, Bill?"

"Why, becos he'd 'ave known bloomin' well as you couldn't take a likeness by gas in one of those half-lighted old carriages."

BACHELORS, BEWARE!

[The latest thing in match-making circles is the formation of "Spoon Parties." The bachelor-guest having a special spoon given him has to find out which spinsters' spoon matches it, and then to devote himself to her all the evening.]



O, YE who love Bachelor
boons—
(Gay Coons!)
Pray be on your guard, or,
cftsoons,
Platoons
Of match-making dames
(With deep, dark Marriage
aims)
Will make a fell swoop, like
Dragoons—
Catching loons
By means of a "Party of
Spoons!"
Take heed, then, both evenings
and noons—
When croons
Shrewd Hymen with artfullest
"moons"
(And "toons"),
Or you may be caught
By this trap newly taught—
"Twere better to fly in balloons,
Eftsoons,
Than be spoofed at a "Party of Spoons!"

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

GRAND SKATING RINK, BRIGHTON, November 1st, 1895,
DEAR ALLY,—Many thanks for your "Award of Merit" received safely yesterday. I shall always treasure it, and it at present hangs in my office, where it is an object of great interest to all and is considered an heirloom. Your new friend,
W. G. EDDOWES.

THE DIARY OF A FLAT.

(Continued.)

MY AUNT BECOMES SUSPICIOUS.

My aunt and I were waiting breakfast for Miss Fairleigh the morning after our secret visit to the Empire, when we were suddenly startled by a most extraordinary noise overhead, as of someone jumping or skipping over the floor of the apartment above.

"Blanche's bedroom!" exclaimed Aunt Keziah, starting to her feet in astonishment as the din became louder. "Whatever can be happening?"

"Let me go and see, aunt," I exclaimed, eagerly making towards the door.

"I beg, Septimus," cried my aunt, sternly, "I beg you will do nothing so improper. I'm surprised at you, Septimus."

At this moment the noise suddenly ceased, and a few moments afterwards Miss Fairleigh entered the room.

"My dear Blanche," exclaimed my aunt, "whatever have you been doing upstairs? I really thought the ceiling was coming down."

"Dear, dear, I'm so sorry," was the reply, "I quite forgot there was anyone beneath, but I've been trying to recall a charming little skirt dance we saw last night at the—"

Smash! In an agony of fear I let fall my tea-cup and its steaming contents, effectually drowning the table-cloth and the dreaded conclusion of our visitor's remark.

"A skirt dance!" said my aunt, in a scandalized tone, after the steaming liquid had been mopped up. "You don't mean to say the programme at the concert included anything so indecent? I withdraw my subscription from the Home for Decayed Cab Horses from this day; I shall write and tell the secretary my reasons."

Here was an awful catastrophe. Our sin was finding us out at the very commencement. I looked imploringly towards Blanche; really it was too bad of her to have got me into the scrape.

But our fair visitor gave me a re-assuring smile. "Don't worry, stupid," she whispered, as my aunt's attention was distracted for a moment, "I'll get her to let me post it."

I shuddered at her words, dear diary, though a feeling of relief crept over me, for I knew too well what she meant. That letter would never reach the Secretary of the Home for Decayed Cab Horses. Oh! the awful duplicity of it all.

"And what did you think of the rest of the entertainment, Blanche?" asked Aunt Keziah, after a pause.

"Oh! excellent. Some of the turns were—"

"I beg your pardon," said my aunt, "did you say turns?"

"Yes," said Miss Fairleigh, unblushingly, "we call all singers turns in our part of the country; it's quite a local name."

"Really? What an extraordinary term," said my aunt, "but you were saying—"

"That some of the turns—the singers, you know—were excellent, but what I really enjoyed," said Miss Fairleigh, glancing across mischievously at me, "was the ballet—"

She got no further. A sudden and violent fit of coughing seized me, and Blanche and Aunt were compelled to pat me on the back quite hard before I recovered. I really think that Blanche took a delight in it. She punched me most tremendously.

"Really, Septimus," said my aunt, suspiciously, "your interruptions this morning are quite remarkable. What were you saying about a ballet, Miss Fairleigh?"

"The Ballet Girl's Fate," said Blanche, calmly, "a beautiful and most pathetic recitation. Your nephew here was quite delighted with it, weren't you, Septimus?"

I murmured something scarcely intelligible in reply and Blanche went on chatting unconcernedly to my aunt. To tell you the truth, dear diary, I was so unstrung by the careless manner in which Blanche had nearly disclosed our secret, that I was as pale as a ghost and trembling in every limb.

It seems almost as if she had tried to frighten me on purpose.

(To be continued next week.)

Ready December 2nd. Twopence.
ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Amongst a wealth of good things will be found

A Large Plate by W. F. THOMAS,

"ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS SPREAD."

A Story by CLO. GRAVES,

"THE LOST CHRISTMAS."

A Comic Song by RICHARD MORTON and ANGULO A. ASHER,

"THE GHOST OF MILDEW HALL."

A Cartoon by W. F. THOMAS,

"THE 'NEW' MRS. SLOPER."

And a Splendid Drawing by HAL LUDLOW,

"BOXING NIGHT AT THE 'FRIV.'"

TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE.

A RICHER RECOMPENSE.

ACROSS the road, from side to side,
She glanced with fearful e'en,
For in a fierce resistless tide
The traffic flowed between.
Across the road, from side to side,
She dared not nimbly skip;
And me, there lounging, much she eyed
With a twitching of the lip.

Across the road, from pave to pave,
Well wist I how to glide,
And all unscathed to breast and brave
The traffic's troublous tide.
Across the road, from pave to pave,
I helped the maid to trip;
And the gentle guerdon that she gave
Was a smiling of the lip.

Across the road, and off she sped,
Nor dreamed that (while my heart
A season on her sweet gift fed)
My frame felt hunger's smart.

Across the road, and off she sped,
And when that gift she gave,
I felt I'd liefer fall there dead
Than an alms from her I'd crave.
Across the road, and off she sped,
And I'd meant to "earn a tip,"
But she pleased me more, as she bowed her head,
With the smiling of her lip.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

"LENGTH of Days": Twenty-four hours each.

THE AGE of Cheap Cigarettes: Cabb-age.

"THE Book of Numbers": One containing 20 lottery tickets.

A BANK-NOTE: The letter left by a suicide at the place where he threw himself into the river.

THE BRIGANDS.

CHAPTER IX.

"YOU mean to escape, do you?" said Correggio. "Well, I don't see how you are to manage it," he added, as the prisoner calmly rolled and lit a cigarette.

"I have meant to escape all the time," said Peter, as he puffed leisurely; "the only thing that prevented me was that I required help. Now I have got it."

"Do you know your difficulties outside—that there are half-a-dozen sentries on watch at different points, and that these are changed every four hours?"

"I don't care if there were forty now that I know you are to help me."

"On our first attempt to get away we will be shot."

"Nothing of the sort. On our first attempt we shall have a handsome escort if we want it, and—yes, blow it all, we will have the chief scoundrel, Bolero, as one of them."

"And I am to go with you?"

"And you are to go with me, and, besides that, I promise you a pretty tidy sum of money after the job is done, and you will be able to marry and make yourself miserable with whichever of these young women you please."

"Well, you will be clever if you manage it; but I fancy it will be time enough to discuss my marriage when there is some prospect of getting away."

"Young man," said Peter Smith, "did you ever hear of hypnotism?"

"I never did."

"Of mesmerism?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you have got to mesmerise these nice colleagues of yours, as soon as you can; and as soon as that is done the rest will be easy."

"I mesmerise them. I do not know how to do so!" said Correggio, as he stared at the Englishman in wonder.

"Oh, I daresay not. Few people do till they are taught, but you have come to the proper shop to learn. I will teach you."

"You—can you mesmerise?"

"Rather, I made a decent living in the show business in England, mesmerising people till it got rather vulgar, and then I quitted it."

"I intended to have mesmerised you at one time, only I did not see clearly how I was to get out of this den in order to put the fluency on those outside. Now, I'll give you your first lesson."

Patiently Peter Smith put Carolus Correggio in possession of all formula necessary to be known by a mesmerist, and patiently Carolus studied his lesson. There was much, of course, that had to be omitted. Precautionary measures about people with weak hearts, and such-like niceties, did not bother Peter. He knew that a brigand more or less did not matter much, and if any of them went to sleep and remained asleep during the rest of his life the community would be no loser. All the passes and hocus pocus of the art were explained, and in course of half an hour Carolus knew as much as it was possible to know without actual practice, and to practise was what he had next to turn his attention. Peter expressed himself thoroughly delighted with the rapidity with which his pupil had mastered the lessons, and Carolus himself went up one in his own estimation.

"You will try your hand first on the youngest of the troop," said Peter, "and you will make an opportunity as soon as possible, and when he is alone. If you succeed in getting him over, you will touch him here and there, then you will tell him what you desire him to do, and if he does it, he's all right."

"Will I then awaken him?"

"Of course, and don't tell him you had him over asleep, nor let him know what he did when he was asleep. Come to me as soon as you can, and let me know your success."

Carolus left Mr. Peter Smith with considerable doubt in his heart. He was to try an experiment in which he had not much faith, but he had promised to try it, and he did not see that failure could injure him much.

And success! Success meant a chance of returning to an honest life; of ridding himself of the trammels which association with brigands had wound around him, and of avenging himself on Constantia el Sorroto by marrying Julia Trisetti.

(To be continued next week.)



"I have meant to escape all the time."



"Now, I'll give you your first lesson."



With considerable doubt.



No. 402.—MR. RICHIE THOM, F.O.S.

"Although comparatively unknown in London, the gentleman whose portrait we this week present to our readers is a very big pot in the second city of the Kingdom, where, if he were not manager of the Scotia Variety Theatre, he would certainly be Lord Provost, or some other highly important Scottish dignitary. But our hero's ambition does not soar beyond managing the 'Scotia'; it is his pleasure, his constant delight, and it is admitted on all hands that no one could do so better than he. Popular with all his patrons, he is also an especial pal of the Elder's, by whose introduction, in fact, he first became acquainted with the Eminent. Chiefly because he's a popular manager, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him September 14th, 1895."

—Debut Improved.



This gentleman is rehearsing his part in a tragedy, and generally smashing up his landlady's home. He owes six weeks' rent, and this is his only means of paying her.

"MAY GOOD DIGESTION WEIGHT ON APPETITE."



Tommy. Eight o'clock, gran'father.
Gran'dad. What say, boy? Good gracious! Ate a clock? What, weights and all?

QUITE UNNECESSARY.



"Plaw yer nose, Tonal." "Ma nose is no needin' plawing, I plawed it yesterday."

THE RULING PASSION.



He. What do you think of the close of the second act?
She. Magnificent! Never saw anything sweeter in my life! That tea gown in green and salmon was a perfect dream!

GIRLS SNOOK'S HAD ROWS WITH

QUIVERFUL'S LATEST.



The best thing for a "weakly" child is a "monthly" nurse.

This girl very nearly had the Dook up for "breach," and a very interesting case it would have been, only she found out just in time that His Grace really hadn't got a ha'penny. And she'd claimed £20,000 damages, too!



AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

'The show is admitted to be a very fine one this year.'
—Daily Paper.



HAD

Ethel. So Gertrude De Montmorency Fitz Vere de Vere has lost her good name!
Sybil. Has she? Well, there, I'm not surprised! How d'you know?
Ethel. It says so in the paper.—Says she's married a Mr. Bloggs!



SHORT—"NOT" SWEET.

She. And don't think I'm going to stand being bullied by you, sir—so there!
He. And don't think I'm going to be cowed by you, either, madam!



NAUGHTY!

Old Gent. Excuse me, miss, but are you what they call cushion-tyred or pneumatic-tyred?
Cyclist. Neither, old cock. D—n tired! Got a light?



GOOD BUSINESS!

Amateur Theatrical Stage-Manager (at a rehearsal). I should just like to see how that embrace looks from the front. Would you mind keeping like that for half a minute?
Male Half of the "Embrace" (taking a tighter hold). Not a bit, old chap, don't mention it!